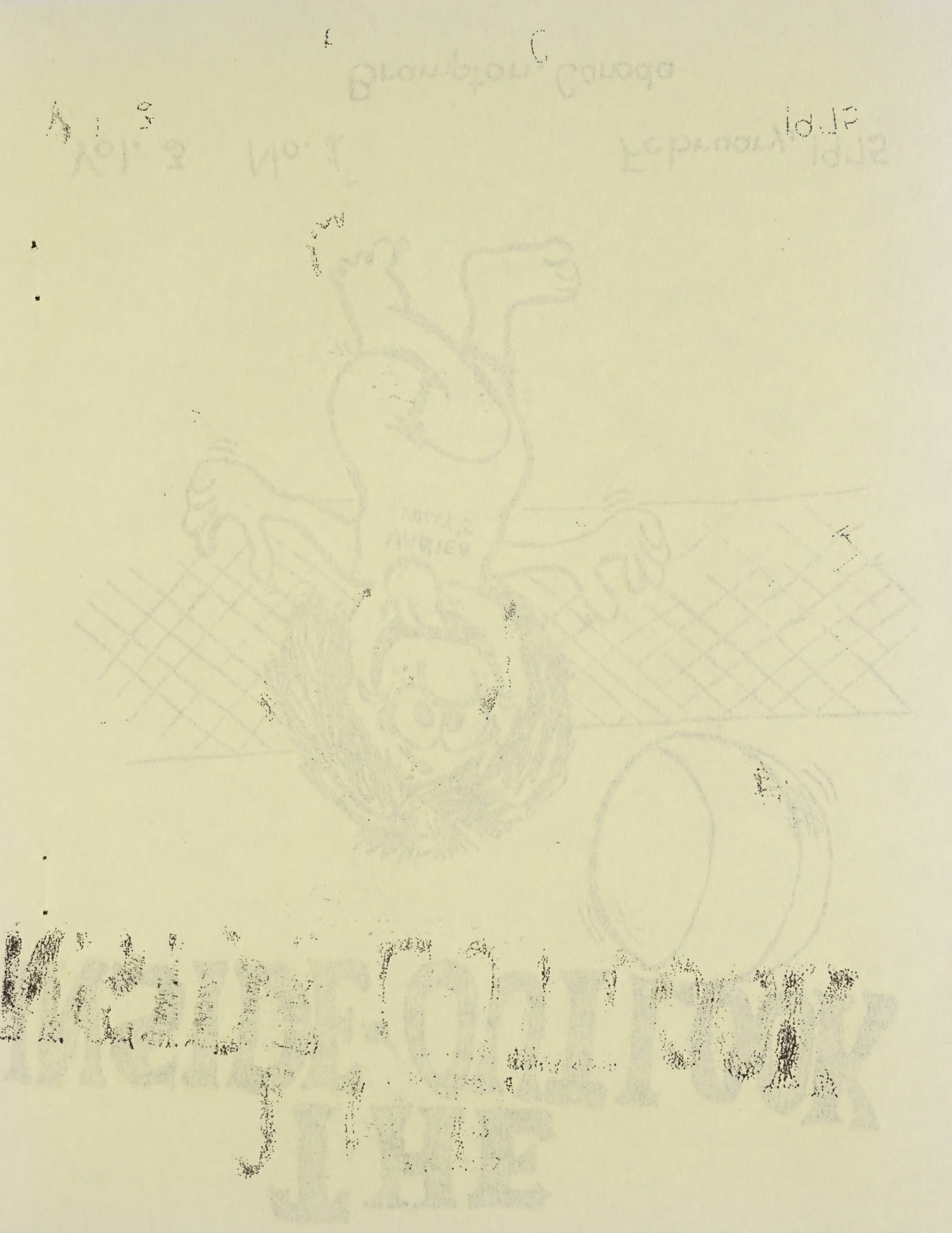
THE INSIDE-OUTLOOK

Vol. 3 No. 1 February, 1975

Brampton, Canada



MASTHEAD

INVICTUS - Terry G.
Beckey W.
Roseann W.
Marie B.
Bonnie S.
Sally B.
Faye F.

KON-TIKI - Vicki J.
Kathy L.
Lucy C.

HOCHELAGA - Billie M.
Tracy T.

INGLESIDE - Marcelle S.
Deanna D.

With special thanks to Marni B. for her typing assistance.

STAFF ADVISORS- Terry Angle
Mrs. E. Lum
Helen Valley
Sister Renee

The views of this newspaper do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper staff nor have the endorsement of the administration.

The newspaper reserves the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

INDEX

page no.	title	Submitted by
	COVER	illus. Terri P.
1	MASTHEAD	
2	INDEX	
3	EDITORIAL	Vicki J.
4	WHEAT-A-BIX	Sister Renee
5	MORE POKING FUN AT VANIER	Sally B.
	JARGON ONE HEARS AT VANIER	Sally B.
6	DEAR DR. RIGHT	Vicki J.
7	HAPPINESS IS WINNING AN ARGUMENT	Terry G.
8	THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE	Sally B.
9	RECIPES - CONVENT STEW	Sister Renee
10	BRAINS ANYONE	Helen V.
11	IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY	Marni B.
	LAUNDRY SWEET LAUNDRY	Kathy L.
12	KONTIKI	Vicki J.
13	RANDOM THOUGHTS IN PASSING	Sally B.
	WANT ADS	Marcelle S.
14	HOW YOUR ALIAS ORIGINATED	Bert Peterson
15	POETRY COVER	Sally B.
16,17,18	POEMS FOR JOHN	Becky W. illus. Sally B.
19	TO BOBBY	Vicki J.
	MY TRUE LOVE	Cathy L.
20	BEAUTY	Vicki J.
20	HAPPY FEELING	Vicki J.
21,22	TIME AND PLACE POEM	Becky W. illus. Sally B.
23	[illegible]	
23	ALPHABET SONG OF LOVE	Bonnie S.
24	NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK	Vicki J.
25,26,27	WHAT WOULD YOU RATHER BELIEVE	Vicki J.
28	THE VENEREAL GAME	Helen V.
29,30,31	LETTERS TO DEAR FLABBY	Vicki J.
32	DEFINITION ACCORDING TO BENNETT CERF	Helen V.
33,34	CARTOON	Terry G.
35	TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN	Vicki J.
36	CALENDAR-February	Marie B.
	CALENDAR-March	Bonnie S.
37	TIPSY PUDDING	Helen V. illus. Sally B.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/31761075964692

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers;

This issue is dedicated to those who have forgotten to laugh at themselves once in a while, those who have chosen to laugh at other people's failings instead. It's dedicated to the people who are tired of hearing nothing but hopelessness and depression, and to those who don't realize the chances we do have to find what we all need desperately; happiness.

Sometimes we tend to forget that the person who said 'Laughter is the best medicine' was not a fool at all. Some of the ugliest situations in life have a humourous side to them (laughing at funerals or walking into hospitals and laughing at people in traction are the exception). It's the inbetween times that help the most. The fastest way to grow old is by trading the fun in you for a poker face and knitting needles.

Did you know that the 'Little Old Lady From Pasadena' really exists? She's in her seventies, has a motorcycle, wears a leather jacket and belongs to the Hell's Angels in California.

We do admit that some things are a bit hard to laugh off, such as coming in here and being told that nobody knows us when on the outside we are known a mile away by half the police force in Canada. Or when we're called criminals for such things as shoplifting, armed robbery, fraud, murder and other minor things. I guess people in the Correctional field jump to conclusions just like anyone else. I have been persecuted to the extent that I have 200 convictions and no arrests! But we have to learn to laugh at these things until people realize how wrong they are about us.

We would like to add that Brigadier Much hopes we have a rotten New Year and Mrs. Ima Hogg of the Brampton Sunshine Club says we can all roast in hell.

I would like to add something that may help you to find an easier way of dealing with the daily humdrum existence that some have fallen into. A very famous man in history, Dr. Benjamin T. Upstart, used to hang from his toes from Mt Rushmore every year meditating and one day these words fell from his trembling lips just before he was dashed to the rocks;

'If you've never had enough of nothing, and whatever you like, have it in abundance.'

What more can we add to a profound statement like that except 'try smiling more, you might like it.' People around you will like it even more and if they don't, just smack them in the mouth.

See you next month.

Vicki J.

Wheat-a-Bix

When you're running around in circles of varying sizes issuing assorted screams and you want some depth and meaning in your life - consider religion.

Actually considering anything will help, provided you concentrate hard enough, but for the moment we will concern ourselves with religion.

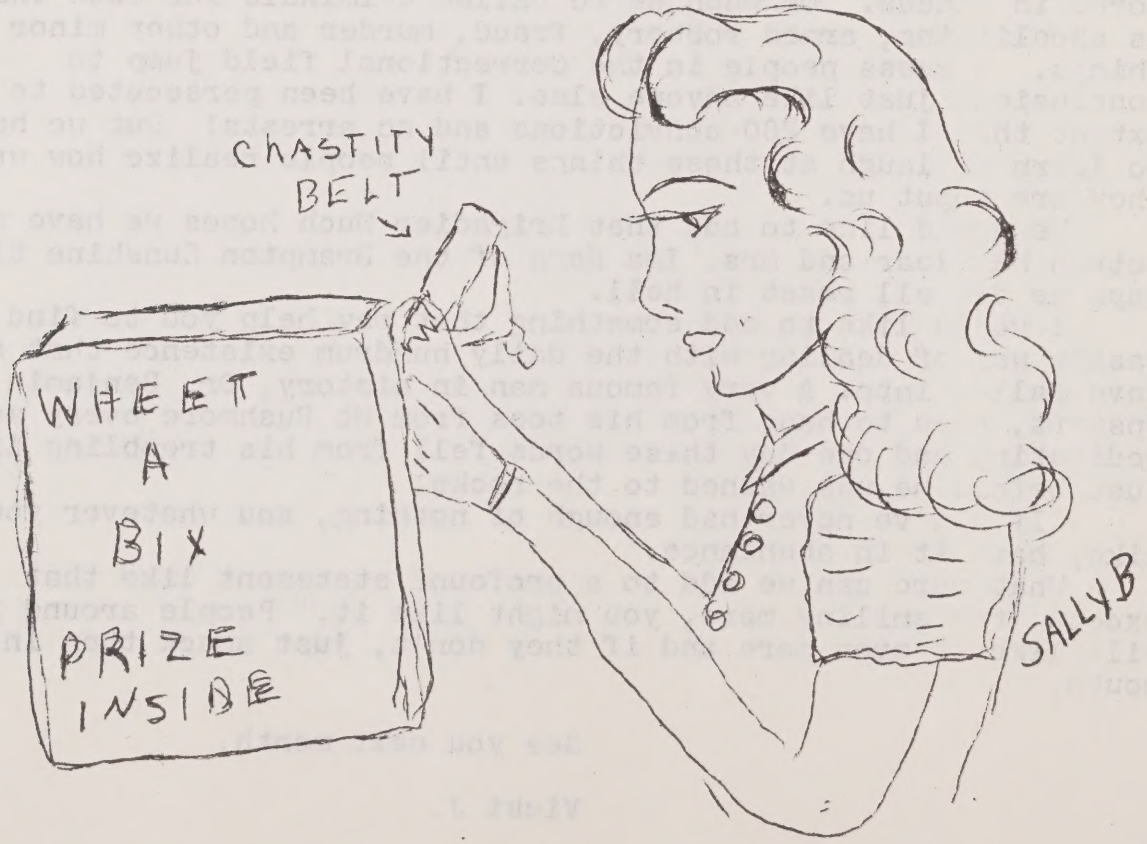
Now that you have considered religion (and probably discarded same) we will go on to consider God.

Consider God considering you. Consider how great must be his sense of humour. Consider that this issue's theme is humour. Consider humour. Consider Wheat-a-bix.

Now that you're running around in circles of varying sizes issuing assorted screams and you want some depth and meaning in your life - consider religion.

Consider that all roads lead to religion - even roads that lead away from religion lead to religion. Consider.

Mr. Renee R.C.C.



MORE POKING FUN AT VANIER CENTERING-OUT CENTRE

I believe I came to Vanier a little dippy, but fairly sane--or so I thought. I now sporadically speak backwards. I have been known to utter "Mood Gorning" instead of "good morning". I bang my bums when smoking, knock ashes into my battery-acid "coffee" and often light the wrong end of my filter cigs. I once walked across the complex with my shades on upside down. I have, on one occasion, thrown the food in the sink, and dropped the dishes and cutlery in the garbage.

The day I say "Mood Gorning" to Toby and she answers me, I'm really getting the hell out of here, PRONTO!

There are residents here who can attest to the credibility of the above. It shows to go you this finishing school is finishing me off in food gornm.

Sally B.

JARGON ONE HEARS AT VANIER

Words and phrases I hope never to hear again when I leave Vanier. I bet a lot of you will say "amen". Space-face.

My shattered nerves
My shattered category!
Just want to do my time.
Paranoid
Involvement
Relationships
Feedback
Bummer
Committee
Cottage 2,3,4 material
I don't buy that.
You are copping out.
One meeting, please!
Work on it.
Rip-off
What a rush!
Confrontation
Psychosomatic
Coke

Doing hard time
Evaluation--report card
F--k Off!
What have you gained from the program? (30 lbs.)
Bum rap
Busted
Got a burn for you
Bring on the punishment!
Right on
Farther on
Hi--"I wish I was!"
Freaking out
Stir-crazy
Ding-a-ling
Don't cut my grass
Did you get lucky on T.A.?
Rinky-dink report

Sally B.

Dear Dr. Right:

I am 43 years old and have lived with my dear mother all my life but even though our relationship is a close one and she protects me fiercely against all those horrible women who are always trying to get their lecherous hands on me, I can't discuss my biggest fear with her; my fear of fish. I have had some horrible experiences with those slimy things and feel that I must share them with you.

First of all my mother gave me smelts to eat when I was five and I panicked because they were staring at me from between the peas and the mashed potatoes. I immediately started screaming and regurgitated all over my mother's best lace tablecloth. Being the dear mother that she is, she gently led me to my room and gave me a sleeping pill. Then I started going to school and my problem really started. We were fed fish every Friday and each time they gave it to me I had a seizure and had to be restrained. I am at the point now where I attack goldfish on sight and have destroyed two fish markets. What on earth can I do about this horrible problem?

Sincerely,
Fred Salmon

Dear Sam:

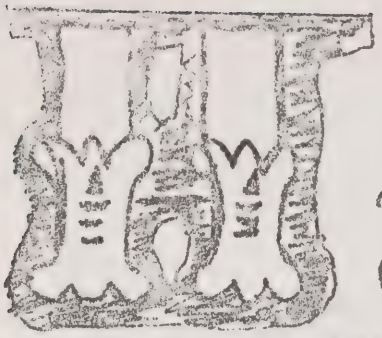
I must say your problem is an uncommon one but not one that cannot be worked out through a lot of understanding on your part. Obviously your mother had some trouble with fish before your birth such as slipping on a minnow or being in the way when a sardine display fell on her in a supermarket.

The first step is realizing that fish have personalities too and have pretty well the same fears and desires that we have. The dead ones you encountered had no control over their eyes so how could you possibly believe that they were staring at you? Maybe if you send someone on ahead to cover their eyes before you get there they won't pose any threat.

The second step is to look at the fish's side of the story. There are mixed theory groups that you can go to and find out just why they stare when they're alive. I'm sure you'll discover that anything placed in a fishbowl will automatically stare out because there's nowhere else to look and all the fish I have treated tell me that they only look that way because they have no eyelids.

I will leave you with these thoughts and one more; try taking a fish to lunch instead of having him for lunch and you'll look at him a lot differently. (Other people will look at you differently too but ignore them. It's your life that's involved.)

Sincerely,
Dr. Right



Happiness is winning an argument with staff.

Terry C.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

I have had one crazy addiction in my life that I'd like to share with you. I don't particularly want to make light of it; the whole thing is rather embarassing--but here goes. I was wired to cough syrup for 2 1/2 years. I mean I used to practically buy it by the six pack. I never had a cold for the longest time. I went into one drugstore in Windsor so often, the puzzled pharmacist asked me if I was bathing in it. I had to go to Homewood Sanitarium in Guelph to get weaned off the sickly sweet stuff.

Most people in there were there to dry out, being alcoholics, nervous breakdowns, wired to heroin, smack, Jones; whatever you want to call it. They would ask me why I was there and I'd weakly say "cough-syrup". They'd rattle their heads in disbelief. It got so bad that I was actually hallucinating from the effects of it.

I sat in our living room at home and thought I saw chorus-girls' legs sticking out of the wall, kicking their legs in unison, I mean they were really kicking. That was my first clue that something was radically wrong. I used to hide the bottles in the toes of skates hanging in the basement, outside in the orchard, etc. It became a game to see if I could out-wit Jim, my husband. He often would stand in the middle of the room and say "now let's see where that dippy woman of mine would think I wouldn't look." One time he went straight to the fireplace like he had radar and shoved a log aside and voila! he did it again. He once left a bottle on the window sill in the kitchen to see how long it would take me to get my hot little hands on it.

He no sooner pulled out of the driveway then this bent person (me) drank it doing chug-a-lug and then commenced to put cherry pop into the bottle I had just emptied with a little dash of honey added (to try to get the right consistency). Crafty devil! But seriously for a moment, if I knew that the blooming syrup would lead to barbiturates, which is much heavier, and they in turn would eventually lead me to Vanier, my lips would not have touched a cough-syrup bottle.

So if anybody is bent enough to contemplate cough-syrup the way I did--don't take that first swallow; it can lead to gallons and you could cry you a river. It's a real bummer!.

Submitted by Sally B.

RECIPES

Convent Stew

(also called Saturday Delight)

Start with Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday's leftovers.

Add: gasoline, bear grease, candlewax until the desired consistency. Burn black and scrape to a delicious golden brown. Add Alka Seltzer to taste. Serves 20 - once.

Sr. Renee CSC

Witches' Brew

Take a large black pot. Make a fire under it.

Add:
- 1/2 doz outdated frog eggs
- dash of Bus shoff
- 10 spiders
- 2 lockets of hair
- 3 frog legs
- 1 cup of horse sweat
- 2 pig's tails
- 1/2 lb of sawdust
- 1/2 tsp of powdered teeth
- 4 false eyelashes
- 6 oz of semen
- 16 oz of sewer water

Special addition: For more flavor, for a tangy taste, add a man's .....?

Bonnie S.

BRAINS ANYONE?

The brains of animals have constituted an important part of mankind's fare for thousands of years. Recipes for them have come down to us from antiquity using them as an ingredient as well as cooked for themselves. Among primitive people there is a belief that eating certain animals or certain parts will give the eater the characteristics possessed by that animal or part. Thus a primitive man might feel that when he ate the heart or brain of an animal he took on its bravery or wisdom. Remnants of this kind of belief exist even to-day in the Western World. For these individuals, eating brains would mean that they were acquiring added mental power.

Brains are exceptionally rich in minerals and vitamins and are gourmet fare to boot. In flavour they are rich as butter even though they do not contain as much fat as a comparable amount of choice T-bone steak. When you buy brains, whether beef, veal, calf, lamb or pork, you will find the flavour delicate and the texture very tender. Brains are highly perishable and should be cooked as soon as possible after purchase.

To prepare brains wash first in cold water, then soak one hour in a quart of water to which you add 1 tbsp of salt. Remove the membrane with the tip of a knife and drop into boiling water to which has been added 1 tsp salt and 1 tbsp vinegar per quart. Drain. Rinse and soak 15 minutes in cold water. Drain again. Thus prepared they are ready for the following recipes.

BRAINS

Brains Fried:

2 prepared calves' brains
oil
1 egg beaten
1 tsp salt
2 tbsp flour
pepper
cracker crumbs

Cut prepared brains in 1/2 inch slices, roll in flour, dip in beaten egg, salt and pepper. Roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in oil until golden brown on both sides.

Brains with Scrambled Eggs

1 cup prepared assorted brains
3 eggs
1/8 tsp salt
1 tbsp margarine or butter
3 tbsp cream
pepper

Fry brains in butter until brown. Beat the eggs, cream, salt and pepper and the brains. Cook over low heat. As the eggs begin to thicken, stir lightly with a fork. When thick, serve on a slice of hot buttered toast.

Then make an appointment with Mrs. Williams to see how much the brain menus have increased your intellectual potential

Helen V

IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY

Once upon a time, there was a non-conforming sparrow, who decided not to fly south for the winter. However, soon the weather turned so cold that he reluctantly started to fly south. In a short time, ice began to form on his wings and he fell to earth, in a barnyard almost frozen. A cow passed by and crapped on the little sparrow. The sparrow thought it was the end, but the manure warmed him and defrosted his wings. Warm and happy, able to breathe, he started to sing. Just then a large cat came by, and hearing the chirping, investigated the sound. The cat cleared away the manure, found the chirping bird, and promptly ate him up.

This story contains three morals:

1. Everyone who shits on you is not necessarily your enemy.

2. Everyone who gets you out of shit is not necessarily your friend.

3. And...if you're warm and happy in a pile of shit - Keep Your Mouth Shut!!

AMEN!!

submitted by Marni B.

LAUNDRY SWEET LAUNDRY

Here we are again. At our favourite laundromat and what's on the agenda for today? Did I hear someone mention 400 sheets? And is it true they grow on Tuesday? Well it's less talk and more work you'd like and what ever happened to those A.T.C. shirts? I hear some say they got in the way of wayward hands. The presses all seem ready for action but nobody's around to push the buttons. The dryers are full, the washers are empty. I do believe there's a flood in the bathroom. Well would you believe it's breaktime again? Time for everyone to come out of hiding. And Mrs. Chrysler could you speak up some? The radio is blaring, can't hear a word you say. And whose turn is it to wash the floor? Seems like we've all done it before. I hear it's new hats we'll wear in the laundry. To keep our straight, colour-dyed hair out of the mangle. It's a man's job. You have Mr. Turner to keep all these crazy females in line Folding the sheets is a task for two. Whatever happened to Mary T? All in all we've had a great day. Why is it most girls prefer to work in the laundry?

submitted by Kathy L.

KONTIKI

I'm sick of beefs concerning work
of Lucy calling Lou a jerk.
Pails and mops and dust a flyin'
Tilly's mad 'cuz Mary's lying.
No T.A. for Heather Shaw,
Annie's mad at what she saw.
Marni's pass becomes a flop
because she told the van to stop,
"Back"! she cried,"to Cottage 3"
"They can't have parties without me!"
Suzy wants a pass with Ted
she wants to spend it in his bed.
"How disgusting!" some one cries,
"you haven't any marriage ties!"
Then a cake that Connie bought
was first hers and then was not.
"Greedy kid!" somebody cries,
then the room is filled with sighs.
"Just one meeting", Claudette calls
as people frown and silence falls.
Then the dog rep gets the screws
'cuz May got dog shit on her shoes.
People starve not far away
while we complain of steak today.
Bullets fly and people pass
while we just sit upon our ass,
Looking for someone's mistake
to quickly of a meeting make.
"we want socks with stripes and spots,
Who left food upon the pots?"
Mrs Porter calmly sits
and looks at blank who has the shits.
People all deliberate
on which poor sucker to berate.
Suzy farts and Helen frowns
Val marks down our ups and downs.
And what on earth would we all do
if staff came out with "We know you!"

Vicki J.

RANDOM THOUGHTS IN PASSING

(a sense of humor is good sense)

I think a tense situation often can be alleviated by a slight dash of hum interjected into it. I myself have had to see the funny side of a situation, often in order to survive intact. When my children were young, and I was younger and harrassed, I have on occasion, bathed the same child twice and sent one to bed dirty. I took my nine children to Bob-lo Island, (near Detroit), -- I came back with eleven kids... two had latched onto my tribe. What a time getting everything sorted out! But, I had to chuckle -- what the hell -- we pass this way one time (once is enough). This Vanier place where we reside. Sweet Jesus! I came here a slight kleptomaniac, and am leaving a slight (not physically) -- nymphomaniac. I am tired of looking at women, big ones, small ones, fat ones, tall ones, etc. I think about now, even Count Dracula would look yummy to me. But, hey, don't think I gloss over serious matters. Heaven forbid! I've had much time for introspection and sometimes don't like what I see. I'm supposed to have a high I.Q., and a good education, but I wasn't smart enough to leave the goof-balls and golf-balls alone. No siree! And the answer to the smart individual who asked if I was going back for the golf-cart next time, the answer is an emphatic NO! All in all, life is what you make it. If you can get a smile or a chuckle out of life, I think the good Lord will take a liking to you. He must have had a sense of humor too. The more I see of Vanier, I just know it's one of his biggest jokes.

submitted by Sally B.

WANT ADS

Wanted: Male staff - midnight staff
Job requirement - removal of dog shit, delivery of babies, answer all night bells without fear of being surprised by dress of residents.

Wanted: Bed warmer
Not more than 6 ft. tall and 135 lb. Any colour preferred.

Wish to rent: room with board, on Government assignment, in a small community, close to everything unnatural, fuzz in your front room.

submitted by Marcel S.

HOW YOUR ALIAS ORIGINATED

Until about 1100 A.D. most people in Europe had only one name (This is still true in some primitive countries today). As the population increased it became awkward to live in a village wherein perhaps 1/3 of the males were named John, another sizable percentage named William, and so forth.

And so, to distinguish one John from another a second name was needed. There were four primary sources for these second names. They were: a man's occupation, his location, his father's name or some peculiar characteristic of his.
Here are some examples.

Occupation: The local house builder, food preparer, grain-grinder and coat maker would be named respectively: John Carpenter, John Cook, John Miller, and John Taylor.

Location: The John who lived over the hill became known as John Overhill, the one who dwelled near a stream might be dubbed John Brook or perhaps John Atbrook.

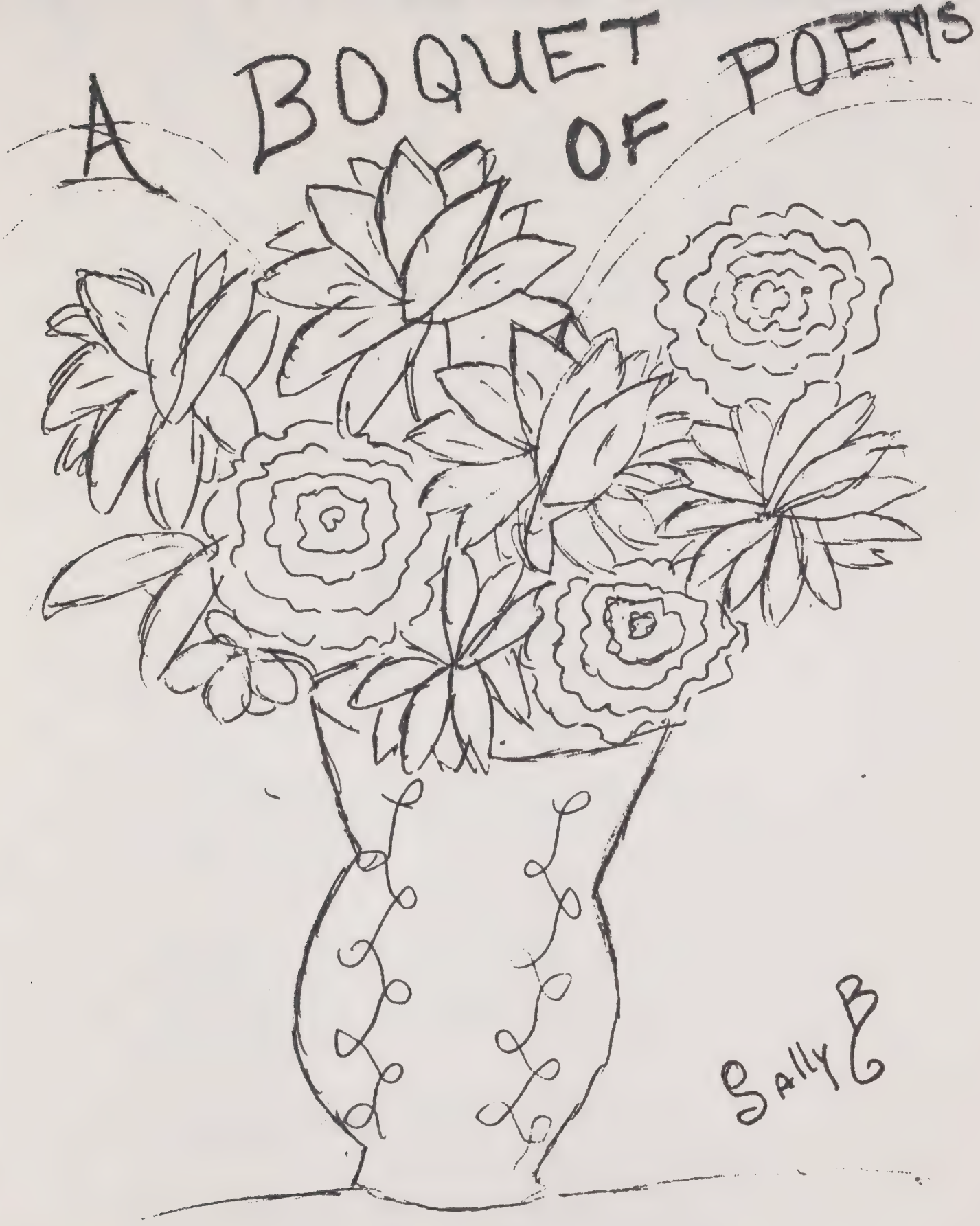
Patronymical (father's name): Many of these surnames can be recognized by the combination -- son, such as Williamson, Jackson, etc. Some variations used by other countries to indicate "son" are: Armenian's---ian, Dane's and Norwegian's---sen, Finn's---nen, Greek's---opulos, Spaniard's---ez, and Pole's---wiecz. Prefixes denoting "son" are the Welsh---Ap, the Scot's and Irish---Mac. and the Norman's---Fitz. The Irish O' incidentally denotes grandfather.

Characteristic: An unusually small person might be labeled Small, Short, Little or Lytle. A large man might be named Longfellow, Large, Long or Berg. Many persons having characteristics of a certain animal would be given the animal's name. Examples: a sly person might be named Fox, a good swimmer, Fish; a quiet man, Dove; etc.

In addition to needing an extra name for identification, one occupational group did find it necessary to go a step further. The fighting man. The fighting man of the Middle Ages wore a metal suit of armor for protection. Since this suit of armor included a helmet that completely covered the head, a knight in full battle dress was unrecognizable. To prevent friend from attacking friend during the heat of battle it became necessary for each knight to somehow identify himself. Knights accomplished this by painting colorful patterns on their metal shields. These patterns were also woven into cloth surcoats which were worn over a suit of armor. Thus was born the term, "Coat of Arms."

Submitted by Bert Peterson.

A BOQUET OF POEMS



POEM FOR JOHN - whom i love

my words are sad notes sometimes best tossed aside
against the day when the Trashman comes to pick up trash
remember me for my words for they are all i have
in this world of ours, this land of plenty - of milk and honey where the government can dump millions of dollars into a war
that we don't want to fight and
never live to see end.

remember me for my words, John,
for they are all that i can give you babe.
i don't have to tell you that i'm a junkie.
we both know that, and more, as quiet as it's kept.

i'm not straight, ya, and i'm a junkie, ya and i
live in a world of dope--of hypes and pills and weed and smack - or i did
ya, but that don't, no, it don't give me no complex
you see, John
if i wanted to, i could stay forever and live
in that world of dope and all that,
but then again
i could sit back in a chair for hours
and write to you, if nothing else, and just rap
about what it really means to have
someone like you
sticking here in my corner knowing that i'm down and out.

don't really care to cop for the hype
cause that ain't really where i'm coming from.
no, not no more.
don't care actually to keep fronting
like i got something when i ain't got shit worth counting.

John, i ain't got nothing baby.
i ain't got nothing to offer you but me.
i love you, John,
i love you so much until sometimes it scares me.

i sit and wonder and think about you in a way.
and when i think that you might be thinking bout me in the same way,
why, i get shy and start blushing and go through changes
no other guy under the sun has ever put me thru.

i mean,
like i don't go out of my way looking for trips
to go on.
cause the world has got enough of them
to go around.

you know what, sugar?
it comes to this:

me, by myself, now,
and it ain't nobody looking over my shoulder
making me write this poem to you.
it ain't nobody that has asked me if i ever
wrote any love poems. no. it ain't none of
that kinda funny-style shit.
this is me.
nothing, if you want to see me that way.
but this is me,
and i see now that i'll never love another.

so let me be sweet to you.
let me be good to you.
so let me hold you, yes!
let me hold you and squeeze you.
or maybe even just touch you,
but just let me do that
and i'll be just fine.

know what, John?
know what i saw before
while i was out on the streets
looking for crumpled-up bills in lint-lined pockets
playing the role of a puppet-sized car of junk
mixing and cooking in a burn-stained spoon
getting ready for the hype and generally
just tripping out very heavy
had you on my mind all of the time
thinking bout you, bout how nice
it would be to come home to you,
to come to your loving arms and
go to sleep, happy, cause if i don't
got nothing else at least i got
my man.

that's why i'm writing this poem, John
because there's a lotta times when i get hung-up
ya, get hung-up in a whole lotta bullshit
that don't, no kinda way, make any sense
and you and i "both"
know it,
(but you let me slide,
let me ease on off for the next day)

listening to my footsteps hollowly echoing
dark the alleyway/down the alleyway there i go
not quite being able to see what's right in front of me
but moving on ahead, anyway cause that's the business
dealing in the dark/down the alleyway
that some gotta get involved into nowadays
otherwise baby,
it ain't too much that really means anything.

not people
not money
not fine homes or big fancy cars or who's
gonna win the war.
not none of that shit.
not you,
not me.
not nothing, baby, but what we got going for
ourselves
and that's a whole lotta
something.

i want more than just the blues, John.
i want my baby, i want his love, his tears,
his happiness.
i want to make my baby happy, i want to make "you"
happy

will you make me happy, too?

written
and submitted by

becky w.

TO BOBBY

You were a friend and more!
You walked beside us
Only asking
That we never let you
Do less than that.

To some you were only an animal,
And I pity them.
For they
Will probably never be more
Than only a human.

Loyalty is superficial to most people,
But it was part of you.
And trust
Was something that took you to people,
Even in a truck!

If people ever realize your true worth
Instead of measuring you
In dog biscuits,
The government will give civil rights
To Man's Best Friend!

written by vicki j.

MY TRUE LOVE

Who makes me laugh
When I want to cry?
Shares her dinner with me
In an unusual way
Always there to greet me
When I walk through the door
Laughs at my funny faces
And always wants more
Who wrinkles her little nose
When someone tries to put on her clothes
Who wants to cuddle and curl on my lap
When her little eyes close
Who washes the floor
While taking a bath
Thinks it's hilarious
And always laughs
Lots of loves have come and gone
But my TRUE LOVE will always stay
In my heart all night and day-

Dedicated to the one
I love

written by cathy l.

BEAUTY

I have found beauty in so many places
not just in money or some pretty faces
I've found it in darkness when I was alone
in a back alley or under a stone
I've found it in smiles, I've found it in tears
sometimes in minutes, sometimes in years
I've found it in giving a part of myself
or dusty old memories I'd left on a shelf
I've found it in things I couldn't replace
like caring and trust in somebody's face
I've found it in people who don't know it's there
and puppies and kittens who sit by my chair
I've found so much beauty mixed with the pain
by this time tomorrow I'll find some again.

written by Vicki J.

HAPPY FEELING

A little girl ran through the park
with laughter at her heels
She gave her eyes to butterflies
and barked right back at seals

Nothing misses the shining eyes
the sun touched golden hair
All that nature had to give
was there for her to share

Then with the wisdom of only a child
she felt that she wasn't alone
Someone sitting sad and apart
on a bench with his eyes on a stone

Sitting there with years in his hair
and nothing but waiting to do
Out of his silence came a small voice
"Hey, Mister, can I play with you?"

Tears sprang from eyes faded by time
he looked at her innocent face
"Of course I will dear, what is your name?"
She said, "Let's go, my name is Grace."

Onto the earth their new laughter fell
she showed him the world through her eyes
It's funny how children can light up your soul
while dancing all over your sighs.

written by Vicki J.

TIME AND PLACE IS OF NO IMPORTANCE TO OUR LOVE

One day, with any luck, I will be off again
coming to you
going with you
driving with speed faster than my heart beats
racing down on winding highways
with no direction or destination known.
with just the thought of you and I finally together
walking with your hand in mine tightly clasped
along a quiet country road with trees swaying in the
blowin wind with tattered leaves of no colour
frail, dying, falling down around us.
What is this time of year that warm gusts blow
and trees bow down to us?
Is it autumn?
I do not know. It is of no importance.
For me, time will stand still for us.
We will know no yesterdays, no tomorrows.
Only that moment - special as it is.

Or could it be summer?
With you and I
running down a stretch of sandy beach, white waves
splashing up against our bodies
knocking us with force to the ocean floor
soaking up the sun's rays, bathing in its
glorious heat that penetrates us,
naked as we are
or
making love endlessly while lying in a sand dune
hidden from the curious eyes of strangers.

Or is it a cold winter's night?
With you and I
tracking in knee-deep snow leaving foot prints behind
as the memory of our being there
smiling with pride at snow angels we formed
as we lay on the ground covered by a white-laden blanket
that a million snowflakes knitted together
or
sitting cuddled up snugly watching crackling flames
dance in an open fireplace
somewhere in a secluded hideaway all our own

Or could it be a warm spring's morn?
With you and I
walking by a trickling brook seeing reflections
of our contented love
or
awakening beside each other, our bodies intertwined,
to a cloudy day,
listening to the rain dance outside the window
a cascade falling against the pane
and being glad we are inside in the shelter
of each other's arms

[23]

ALPHABET SONG OF LOVE

A- you're adorable
B- you're so beautiful
C- you're the cuteful, of charm
D- you're a darlingette
E- you're enjoyable
F- you're a feather in my arm
G- you look good to me
H- you're so heavenly
I- you're the one I idolize
J- you're like Jack & Jill
K- you're so kissable
L- you're the love light in my eye
M
N- I could go all day
O
P
Q
R- alphabetically speaking you're okay
S
T
U- make my life complete
V- means you're very sweet
W
X- it's fun to travel through the alphabet with you,
Y and tell you what it means to me!!
Z

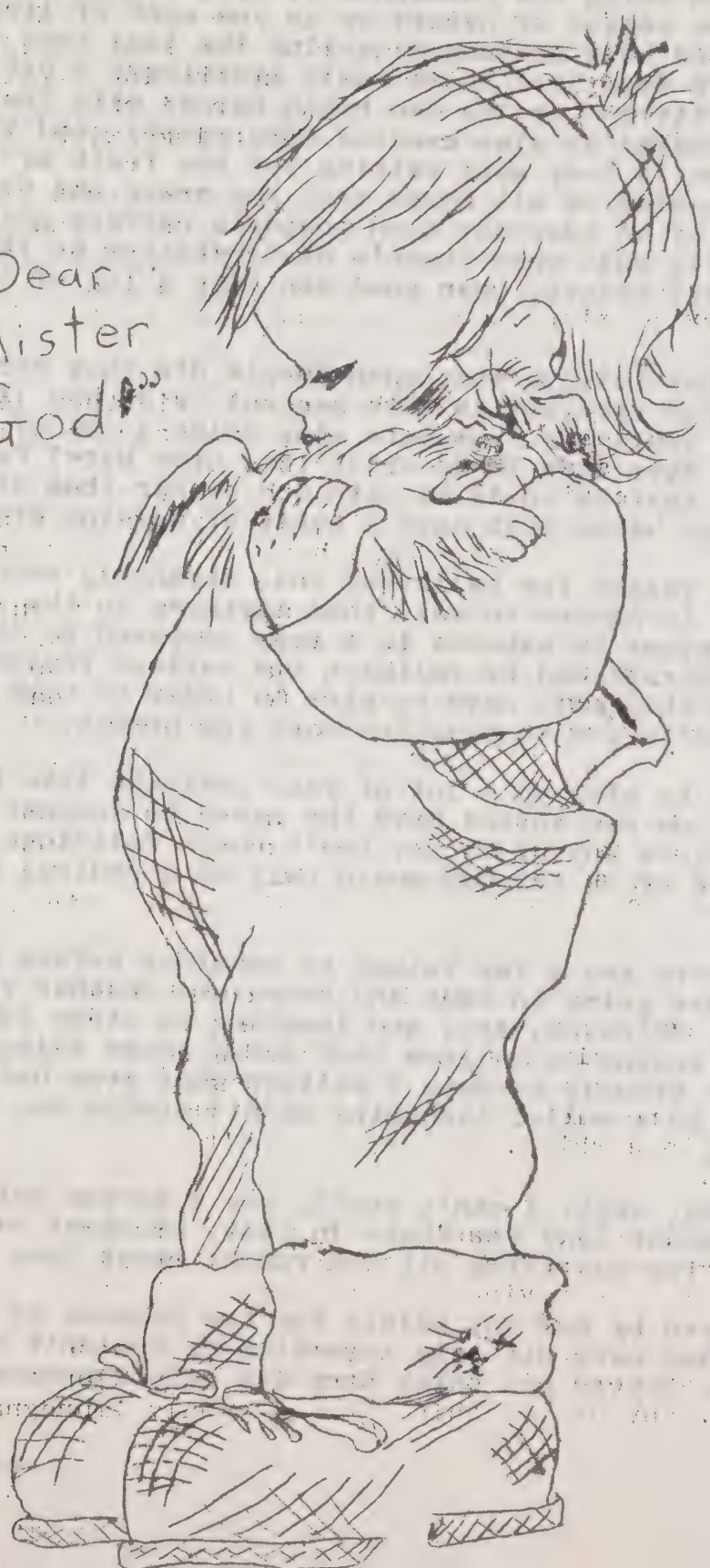
Bonnie S.

NEEDLE IN THE HAY STACK

A little boy walked through the park
With hunger right behind
While other children played with toys
survival used his mind
His cocky walk spelled out pretend
the hard stare spelled out fear
The shabby clothes had built up walls
that jumping couldn't clear
The rundown shoes had walked through life
a life just eight years long
But dwelling in this man child
were feelings very strong
So he sat upon the grass
and hummed a little song
Then with a crumpled paper
and a pencil slightly bent
He started on a letter
and this is how it went;

Dear Mr. God: I'm only eight
I hope you're doing fine.
I have a dog, his name is Sam,
next Monday he'll be nine.
Are stars as pretty where you are?
do you teach angels games?
Does killing mean I'll do it, too?
do turtles all have names?
Do Daddys always hate their kids?
do Mommys always die?
Will I grow up like Tommy did?
is heaven very high?
I saw a snail the other day,
I fell and hurt my knee,
If I'm tough when I grow up,
Will people smile at me?
I guess you're awfully busy
there's lots of people here.
I'm kind of busy too, I guess,
I open Daddy's beer.
I'll close this letter, Mr. God,
I live at 12th and Pine,
I hope you have a mailman,
my lizard's doing fine.

Vicki J.


"Dear
Mister
God"

WHAT WOULD YOU RATHER BELIEVE ?

Do you like believing that a long time ago this planet was inhabited by apes some of whom gradually evolved into what we are now, the exception being the thousands of apes who didn't make the grade for some reason or other? Or do you sort of like the idea of a real good head somewhere getting the idea that things looked pretty bare down here so he would experiment a bit with his flare for creativity and create two human beings with their ability to love and procreate? He also created some pretty good things for them to look at while they were waiting for the fruit of their procreation. Of course we all agree that the snake and the apples weren't too good of an idea but then nobody's perfect and, besides, things get a little dull when there's no temptation to fight. If you don't know evil exists, then good can lose a lot of its value.

Would you rather believe that when people die they merely drop into the ground and very little else happens or do you like to think that their souls are somewhere else doing a lot of things that they didn't have time to do while they were here? Personally I'd rather think that we could be with God rather than providing fertilizer for the weeds that have a habit of growing around graves.

Now comes the reason for believing and, strangely enough, it is a reason that is harder to sell than anything in the world today. Selling razors to baboons is a snap compared to this. People are very threatened by religion for various reasons: one being that you pretty well have to give in order to make it work; and secondly, you've got to practice what you preach.

Also you have to give up a lot of your comforts like bigotry, hate, etc. Like how can anyone have the nerve to suggest a goal that doesn't include any of those? Don't these religious fanatics realize that most of my friends would call me a radical if I gave them up?

Of course, there are a few things to consider before you decide which road you are going to take and those are whether you have to give up smoking, drinking, sex, and laughing at dirty jokes. Anyone who even begins to believe that doing these things is a sin is really in trouble because I believe that even God enjoys a dirty joke once in a while. Lightning didn't strike me, so I guess I'm right.

As for smoking, well, I can't really see a person being thrown out of the judgement line for that. In fact, he might even get a pat on the back for surviving all the rumors about lung cancer.

Sex was created by God not solely for the purpose of populating the earth. If that were his only intention he wouldn't have made it so enjoyable. Why do you think Mary was only impregnated by God?

continued.....

If Joseph got in there in time Mary might have run into some problems (so would Joseph) God would have run into bigger ones if he'd done things the usual way because what woman in her right mind is going to let a man like that get away? (but just think of the alimony settlement)

As for drinking, well, wine was good enough for the Lord so who are we to fight it? Some churches have to go one better than Jesus and serve Kool-aid or coloured water. Another man-made hang-up. Drinking to excess is something else again.

As for believing everything that is written in the Bible, well, that's asking too much of anybody because we all know that the truth can be distorted quite easily as it is handed down from one person to the other. Everybody has his own interpretation of what has been said, like the story of the Ark. In those days, there could not have been any plumbing to speak of, so how many of us could believe that anyone survived for forty days and forty nights in an ark piled high with manure (and Lysol spray was in the process of invention, so were gas masks) The main thing is that we believe Noah could speak cockroach, elephant, lizard, horse, etc. fluently enough to tell them what was happening. Noah must have had something on the ball because obviously no gay couples slipped through (unless they were in drag).

The main thing to consider is that somewhere in time someone invented the word "love". Whether you want to ignore this person or not is strictly up to you but if you ignore it, be prepared to accept the fact that you will never have anything else but yourself to look up to. Also you're leaving your children nothing to fall back on but the best in you.

Vicki J.

THE VENEREAL GAME

Searching through the warehouse of the English language can be fun. It can unwittingly become a rummage that never ends, for even when one's ancient head is stacked with etymology and obscure words that express meanings of everyday ideas, there will still be tens of thousands of words left unlearned.

Terms of venery or the phrases we have come to know as collective nouns is one example. For example:

A Case of Social Workers
A Complex of Psychologists
A Dilation of Pupils
A Failing of Teachers
A Flush of Plumbers
A Gang of Elk
A Mess of Officers
A Nursery of Pediatricians
An Odium of Politicians
An Overcharge of Solicitors
An Overdose of Nurses
An Overdraft of Bankers
A Pod of Whales
A Rash of Dermatologists
A Rumbling of Residents
A Sentence of Judges
A Shoal of Fish
A Stew of Cooks
A String of Kites
A Suffocation of Superiors
A Trip of Hippies

Get the idea? Now you use your imagination and wit and forward your "venereal game" associations to THE INSIDE OUTLOOK NEWSPAPER REPS. It might win the jack-pot!

Helen Valley

LETTERS TO DEAR FLABBY

Dear Flabby:

I keep having this strange dream that I am imprisoned in the fish bowl. I have gone to many psychiatrists and they give me much comfort but how do I explain to my husband the fins that have started to sprout?

Dear Scaly:

Has it ever occurred to you that you may be a fish after all? Sometimes fish reach puberty later on in life and their fins don't always surface right after birth. If I were you I'd check into this before you have a breakdown of some kind. If you find this to be true then I would suggest some Reality Therapy for you and your husband. I'm quite sure that he will need even more help than you when he finds out that he is a fish.

Flabby

Dear Flabby:

I have a problem with enlarged pores and don't know what to do about them. Every time my boyfriend kisses me his nose gets caught in the one on my cheek, and whenever it rains I end up carrying most of the rainwater into the house. Little kids even stick their fingers in them. Do you have any ideas?

Desperate

Dear Desperate:

Yes, I can help you. They now have a new thing on the market and that is a birthstone for enlarged pores. They are cemented in with Elmer's glue and should remain fixed forever. If you can't afford a birthstone, contact your nearest anthropologist and ask about the art of shrinking heads. Your pores will then be too small to notice. (so will your head but that's something you'll have to adjust to with the help of your headshrinker)

Good luck and keep us posted.

Flabby

Dear Flabby:

Why?

Doubtful

Dear Doubtful:

Why not?

Flabby

Dear Flabby:

I am four feet high and my husband is green. Will our children be normal?

Frederick Phraugh

Dear Fred:

Do you realize how many letters I have here from people with real problems? Either write and tell me what is really bothering you or leave the space in my column for people who really need my advice!

Flabby

Dear Flabby:

I am 94 years old and my husband is 18. Lately he seems to be avoiding me at bedtime, even though I wear my most revealing lingerie. What should I do?

Sexy but Puzzled

Dear Sexy:

Go to sleep and forget about it. You've earned it!

Flabby

Dear Flabby, Dear Flabby:

My feet are too long
My hairs fallen out
And my rights are all wrong
My friends all tell me I've no friends at all
Won't you write me a letter, won't you give
me a call?

Bewildered

Bewildered, Bewildered:

Your big feet must stay
If your hair's falling out
God meant it that way
If you have no friends
then check on your breath
as for me calling you
You bore me to death!

Flabby

Dear Flabby, Dear Flabby:

My fountain pen leaks
My wife hollors at me
And my kids are all freaks
Every side I get up on is the wrong side of bed
If it weren't so expensive, I'd wish I were dead!

Unhappy

Unhappy, Unhappy:

Buy a new pen
Holler back at your wife
she'll love you again
Your kids will all notice
and angels become
And if you believe this
you really are dumb!

Flabby

Dear Flabby, Dear Flabby:

Well, I never thought,
That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught,
We were sittin in the back seat just shootin
the breeze,
With her hair up in curlers and her pants to
her knees.

Just Married

Dear Married, Dear Married:

I don't really know
Why just getting caught should bother you so
What is your problem if married you are
And just for the record why? in your car?

Flabby

Dear Flabby, Dear Flabby:

You won't believe this,
But my stomach makes noises whenever I kiss.
My girlfriend tells me it's all in my head,
But my stomach it tells me to write you instead.

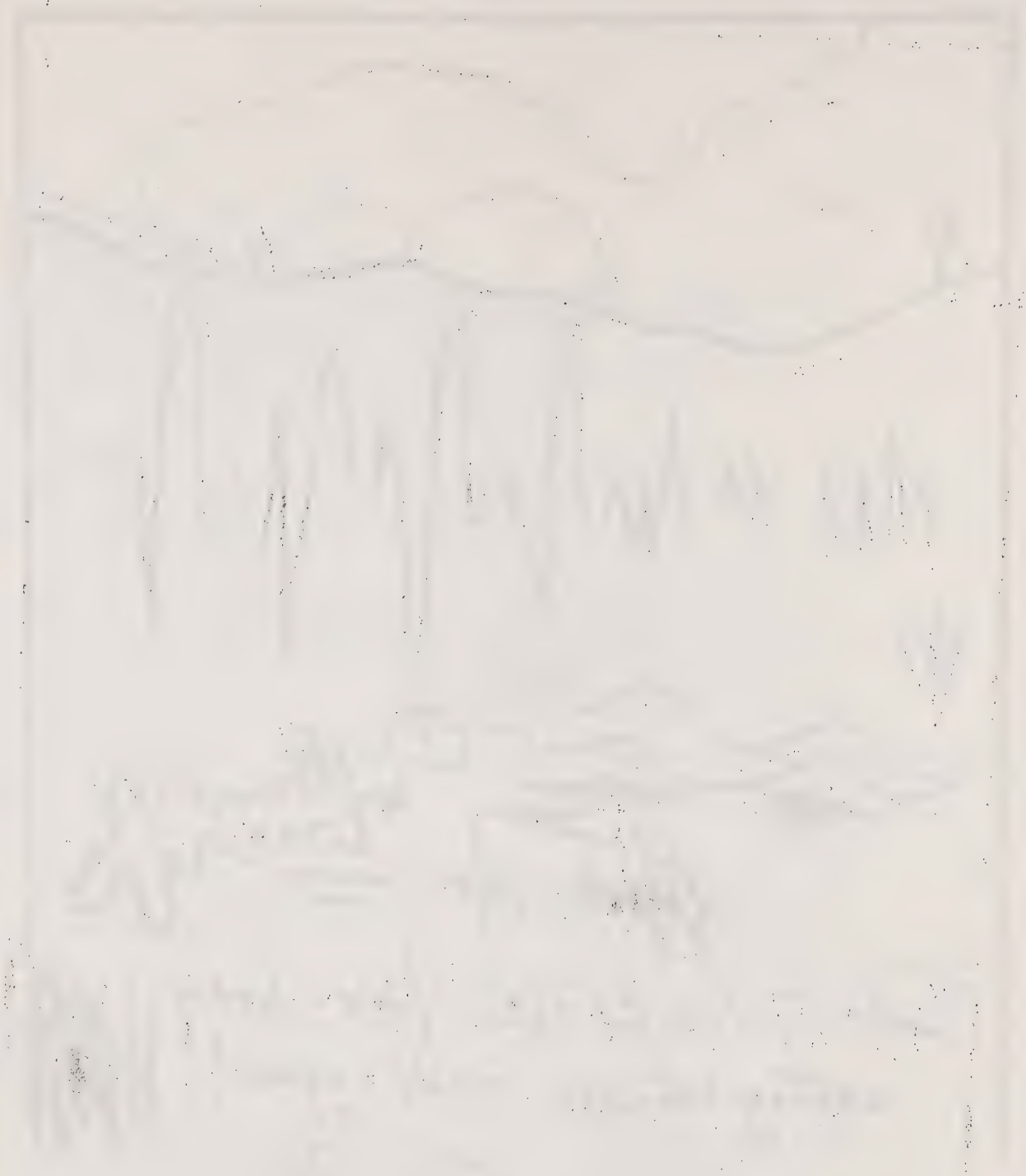
Rumbles

Dear Rumbles, Dear Rumbles:

I do believe you
Your rumbles result from the food that you chew
Your girlfriend is nuts if she thinks it's
your head
What does she mix up when you take her to bed?

Flabby

"Don't lie to me! You've been eating between meals again!"
Terry G...



35

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

My husband and I feel that the time has come for us to retire from government service. We have devoted our lives to prison work and have never complained to the Convicts Union about receiving less than the minimum wage for services rendered. We have never deprived a Correctional Officer's family of a mother or father even though the temptation has been great at times and this show of self control should merit either a citation or a gold watch (or both).

We have worked in laundries, kitchens, shirt factories and on maintenance, paint gangs or carpentry crews without asking for anything in return but three meals a day and new knee socks every six months. Sometimes we have been a bit demanding insofar as we asked for a comb and toothbrush and a picture of our loved ones but then you will agree that we all have human frailties.

We have spent time in the hole but we learned from it. Now we don't speak our minds or stick our nose in our own business because we realize that we don't have that right yet. We're hoping you will forgive us for that too.

Between us, my husband and I have devoted 40 years to making the world a better place for you and your families, not to mention how much we've done for all the other people who have benefitted by our incarceration. We don't ask for thanks, we only ask that you find it in your hearts to write the Parole Board and tell them how grateful you are for what we've done on your behalf.

Vicki J.

Definitions According to Bennett Cerf

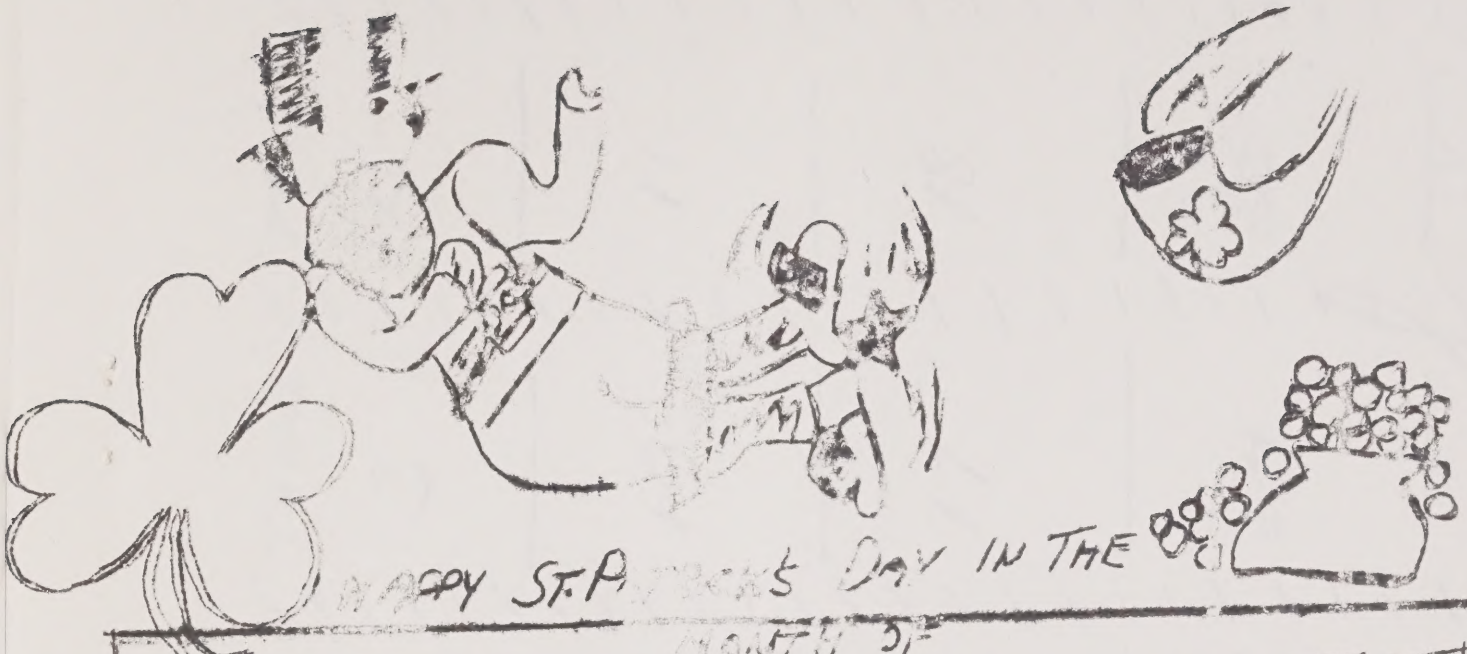
ADOLESCENCE:	When a girl begins to powder and a boy begins to puff.
ALIMONY:	The fee a woman charges for name-dropping.
CADDY:	A lad who stands behind a golfer and didn't see the ball either.
CARBUNCLE:	An auto collision.
CAREER GIRL:	One who would rather bring home the bacon than fry it.
CONSCIENCE:	A little gimmick inside you that makes you tell your wife before somebody else does.
EGOIST:	One who is always me-deep in conversation.
FORGER:	A man who gives a cheque a bad name.
HEREDITY:	Something you ascribe to wholeheartedly when your child's report card shows all A's.
INFLATION:	Something that costs $10.00 to buy a few years ago and now costs $20.00 to repair.
JAYWALKING:	An exercise that brings on that rundown feeling.
MONEY:	Jack of all trades.
OFFICER:	A cop whom you can talk out of giving you a ticket.
PLATONIC LOVER:	One who holds the eggshells while somebody else eats the omelette.
PROCRASTINATOR:	Man with a wait problem.
THEORY:	A hunch with a college education.

submitted by helen v.

TIPSY PUDDING

-- collect cake & cookie crumbs
-- soak them overnight in Sally's Pink Cough Syrup
-- make a batch of airy floating blanc mange
-- mix the inebriated crumbs into the pudding
-- top with an olive.

Helen V.



HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MONTH OF

75 MARCH 75

SUN.	MON.	T	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
						1
2	3		5	6	7	"8"
9	FILE 10		12	13	14	15
16	17		19	20	21	22
30/23	24		26	27	28	29

B. SMITH

"SUN."	"MON."	"TUES."	"WED."	"THURS"	"FRI."	SAT.
Page 2.		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

APRIL